

A

GIFT

TO

YOUNG FRIENDS.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY EDWD. DUNIGAN,

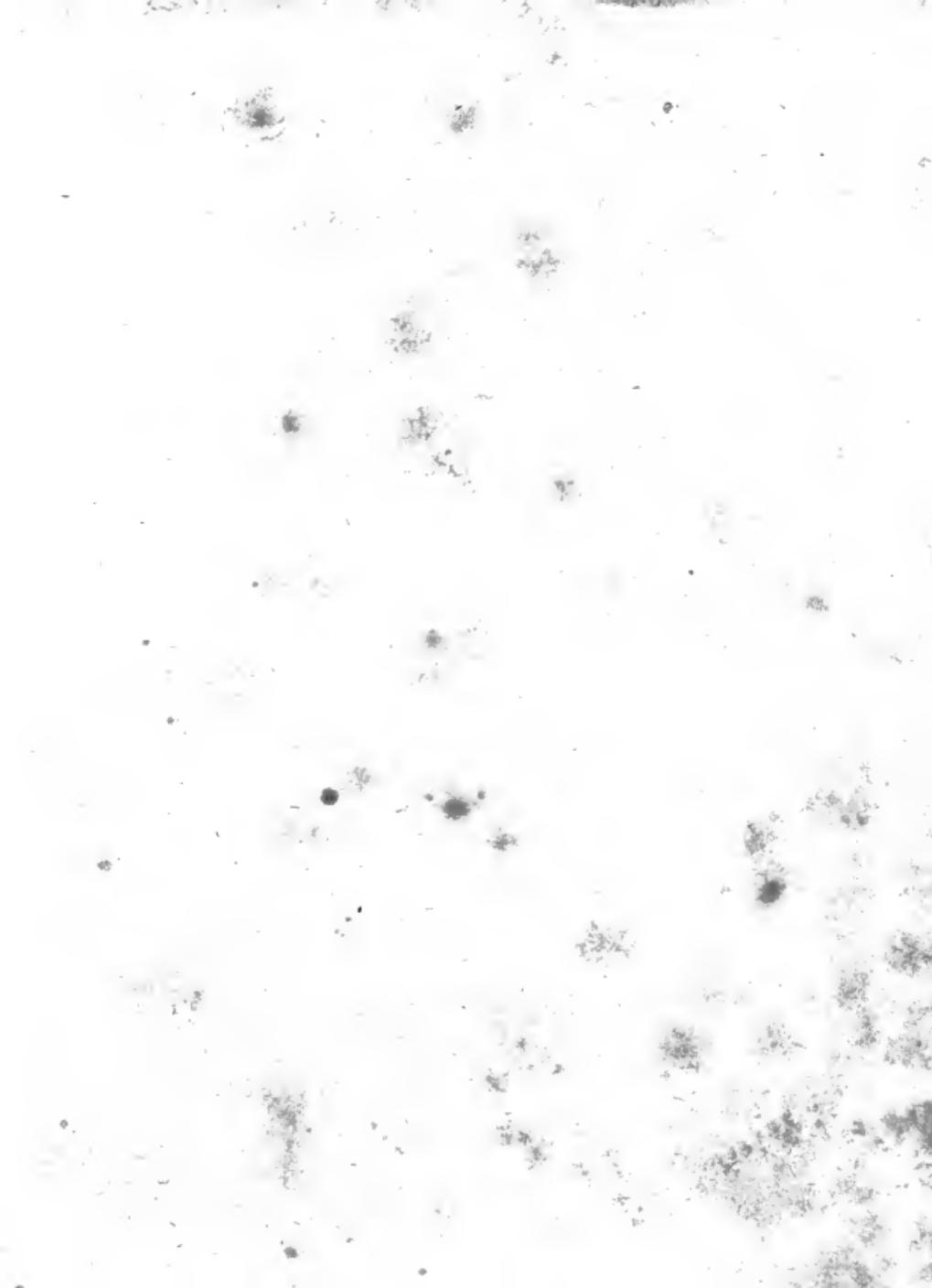
137 Fulton-street.



102

122







THE GOODMAN OF THE MILL RELIEVING THE POOR.



GIFT TO YOUNG FRIENDS;

OR THE

GUIDE TO GOOD.

Containing,

THE GOOD MAN OF THE MILL--FROM
WHOM ALL GOOD THINGS COME--THE
LOST PURSE--THE GREAT DUNCE--
SELF-WILL--THE CARELESS BOY--
GOOD BOYS--AND, THE WAY TO SAVE.

EDITED BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

EMBELLISHED WITH EIGHT ELEGANT ENGRA-
VINGS.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY EDWD. DUNIGAN,
137 Fulton-street.



GIFT TO YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE GOOD MAN OF THE MILL.

“CHARLES, give me back my doll, sir,” said Jane ; “you ought not to take it at all.”

“But I will take it, miss ; and I will keep it too, as long as I like,” replied Charles.

“Then you are a bad boy, and I will not love you,” said Jane ; “and if you do not give her back to me soon, I will tell my aunt, and she will scold you.”

“I do not care for your aunt,” said Charles ; for he was a sad boy at times, and said things that he

ought not to say, and did things that he ought not to do ; and just as he had said that he did not care for his aunt, she came into the room where Charles and Jane had been at play till then ; and she could not think why they had left off play, and why they were both so cross ; so she asked, " Why do you look so cross, Jane ? "

And Jane said, " Charles took my doll from me, and he will not give her back to me when I want her, and so I told him I would tell you, and he said he did not care ; so I hope you will scold him, aunt, and make him give me back my doll."

" No, my dear, I will not scold him, for it is a bad thing to scold ; but I will tell him how wrong it is to take a thing by force that is not his own, and then I think he will give it back to you, and will do so no more. Come here, Charles ; why did you take Jane's doll ? "

" I want to try if I can make its eyes shut," said Charles.

"And so you took it when she did not wish you to have it; is not that the case?"

"I meant to give it her back when I had done with it," said Charles; "and I would not have hurt it."

"But, my dear boy, if you did want it for a short time, you did not take the right means to get it; you ought to have said, 'Jane, will you lend me your doll, if you please? and I will take great care of her.' And then, I dare say, she would have lent it to you; or if she could not spare it just then, you should wait till she could spare it."

"But she said she could not spare it all day, aunt."

"Then you should wait till the next day, my dear. Just let me ask you one thing, Charles; would you like me to take your nice new map, when you wish to play with it, and keep it as long as I please? Would not you say, 'it is my own map, and aunt has no right to take it from me?'"

Charles did not say a word to this ; for he knew he was in the wrong, so he went and gave Jane her doll. Then his aunt was glad, and she said, "There's a good boy ; now come and kiss me : sit on my knee, and I will tell you a tale.

" There was once a man who had a nice house, and a field where he grew corn to make bread ; and he had a mill to grind his corn ; and more fields with grass to feed sheep. And he cut the wool off his sheep to sell ; and when the sheep were fat and fit to kill, he sold them too ; so that he grew quite rich ; and what he did not want he gave to the poor, and they gave him the name of the ' Good Man of the Mill.'

" And there was a great king who was not a good man, but did all the harm he could ; and no one thought well of him, for no one likes bad men.

" Well, this king went one day to hunt in a large wood, and in his way to the wood he had to pass





THE FRANK LEARNING HOW ALL THINGS CAME FROM

the mill where the good man dwelt ; and as he rode past the mill, he said to the lords who were with him, ' Whose mill is that ? ' Then they told him whose mill it was, and they said that the Man of the Mill was rich and good, and gave food and clothes to the poor.

" When the bad king heard this, he was not glad ; for bad men do not like to hear of those who are good and kind ; so when he went home, he tried to think of some way to get rid of the Good Man of the Mill, and make him poor, and send him a long way off, so that he might hear of him no more. And how do you think he did this ? He sent some strong men to rob him of his gold, and pull down his mill, and set fire to his house, and take all his sheep, and cut down the grass and corn that grew in his fields.

" So when the Good Man of the Mill had no home left, and no gold to buy a new house, he went to some place a long way off, and he had to beg for bread to eat. But he did not beg long, for

God loves all who are good, and does not love those who are not just. This good God who sees all that we do, saw what the king had done, and did not let him live long. And when he was dead, there was a good king in his stead ; as soon as the new king was told what the old king had done to the Good Man of the Mill, he sent for him, and gave him back his land, and built up his house and mill, so that he got rich once more."

" Do you think, Charles, it was right for the bad king to take the goods from the Man of the Mill ?"

" No, aunt, it was wrong ; and that king was a bad man."

" And would you wish to be like the bad king, or the good one ?"

" Like the good one," said Charles.

" Then you must not take things by force from those who are not so strong as you are. You can see that the king had no right to take the mill, that was not his ; and by the same rule, it is wrong for

you to take a toy that is not your own. The Man of the Mill was not so strong as the king, or he would not have let the king take his mill ; nor is Jane so strong as you, or she would not have let you take her doll. But the strong are not to rob and hurt the weak ; if it were right to do so, I might take all your toys and books, for you are not so strong as I am ; but you see I do not take them, for I know they are not mine."

Charles saw that his aunt was right, and said he would do so no more.

A SAD TALE.

“ Oh, what a nice horse and chaise !” said John.

“ Where is it ?” said the nurse.

“ Why, do you not see it there ?” said John, “ it stands at the door of that house, I can see it through the trees ; a green chaise, and a white horse.”

“ I can see it now,” said the nurse.

“ There is no one with it,” said John ; “ how I should like to get in it.”

“ But it would be wrong to do so,” said the nurse ; “ and the horse might start off, and throw you out ; so do not go near it.”

“ I can just go and touch the horse,” said John : “ see how still he stands : I dare say he will not hurt me.”

" You must do no such thing, sir," said the nurse, " if you were to touch the horse, he might kick you."

" He does not look as if he would kick," said John, " but you are so cross, you will not let me do any thing that I like; but I will go and touch the horse in spite of you." And off he ran as fast as he could; and the nurse could not stop him, for she had the baby in her arms, and a child of two years old by her side, whom she led with one hand. So what could she do with John? if he did not choose to stay near her, as he ought to have done, she could not help it.

Little boys and girls, when they go out with the nurse, ought to mind what she says; for she has the care of them, and knows best what is right for them to do, and what is wrong; and when she tells them not to do a thing, it is that they may not get hurt. Then they think that she is cross; but it is kind of her to try to keep them from harm. Do you not think so? I hope you mind what your nurse says when you go out with her?

Well : let us see what John did. He ran off, as I told you, as quick as he could ; and went through a gate, and up a lane, that led to the road where the horse and chaise stood. There was a great coat in the chaise, and a whip, and the step of the chaise was down. John cast his eyes round, and saw that no one was near ; so he put his foot on the step, and got in, and took the whip in his hand, and laid hold of the reins.

“ I am sure I could drive,” said this bad boy ; so he gave the horse a smart touch with the whip ; and as soon as he did this, the horse gave a start, and set off at full speed.

Poor John was now in a sad fright ; he let go the reins, and cried out as loud as he could for some one to stop the horse ; but no one heard him, and on went the horse, at a great rate, till at last John was thrown out and broke his leg and arm by the fall.

Here was a sad thing ! but it was his own fault ; he chose to do what he was told not to do, and so he was hurt. They took him home, and his leg and

arm were set ; but he had to lie in bed for a whole month, and worse than that, he was lame all the rest of his life. He could not play like the rest of the boys, nor run, nor jump, nor skip, nor walk fast, he had to walk with a stick ; and when he grew a man, he said he would give all he had in the world if he could but have the right use of his leg once more.

ALL GOOD THINGS COME FROM GOD.

“Mamma,” said Frank, “you told me one day, that God made all things.”

“Yes, my dear, I did tell you so: do you think it is not true?”

“I know he made the world,” said Frank, “and the sun, and moon, and stars.”

“And are those all the things you can think of, Frank? Do you not think that if God made the world, he made all that is in it too?”

“Not all, mamma; I think he made the trees, and all the things that grow; and the sheep, and the cows, and you, and me, and all men; but he did not make my coat, nor this chair; did he, mamma?”

“Yes, Frank; I think we shall find that he did make your coat and that chair.”





THE HONEST BOY RETURNING THE PURSE.

ELSTON Sc.

“How can that be?” asked Frank.

“I will show you how it can be,” said his mamma.

“What is your coat made of, Frank?”

“It is made of wool.”

“And how do we get wool?”

“It grows on the sheep,” said Frank. “Ah! now I see: God made the sheep, and made him have wool. If there were no sheep, there would be no wool, and I could have no coat; that is, I could not have a cloth coat like this. So it is God that gives me my coat; yes, I have found that out: but the chair, mamma, how did he make that?”

“What is the chair made of, Frank?”

“It is made of wood.”

“And where does wood come from?”

“I do not know where such bright wood as this comes from. I know that they cut down trees for wood; but the wood of trees is rough, and does not shine like this that the chair is made of; so I do not know what this wood is.”

“All wood,” my dear boy, “has once been some

tree. This chair is made of rose-wood ; it does not look bright as it grows ; the tree does not shine ; but they take off the rough part, and cut the wood smooth, and then they rub it till it shines ; have you not seen Ann rub the chairs with wax and oil ?”

“ Yes, mamma : but I did not know it was to make them look bright. Well, then, I see it is true that God made the chairs, and all the things that are made of wood : for if he did not let the trees grow, there would be no wood.”

“ No, Frank ; there would be no wood. And if you were to think in this way of all the things you see, you would find out that they all come at first from that good and kind God who made us all, and who gives us our bread, and meat, and clothes, and all that we have.”

“ I think what you say is true, mamma,” said Frank ; “ but I want to know how you get your silk gown ; I should like to see if God made that too.”

“ Do you know what silk-worms are ?” said his mamma.

“ Yes ; I have seen silk-worms. James keeps them, and I have seen him feed them. He gives them leaves to eat ; and they spin a small ball of silk.”

“ And who do you think makes these worms, Frank ?”

“ God makes the worms, I know, mamma.”

“ Yes, my dear : God makes the worms, and the worms make silk.”

“ But those small worms, mamma ; can they make as much silk as will make a gown ?”

“ Not such small worms as you have seen, Frank ; but there are large worms that spin a great deal of silk. All the silk in the world is spun by worms. They are not kept in boxes, as James keeps his, but they live in large trees, and feed on the leaves. It is a long way off where these fine silk-worms are ; you would have to cross the sea to go to that place. When the worms have spun a great deal of silk, it is sent here in a ship, and there are men here who can weave it, and then it is such silk as I buy to make

my gowns. So now you see that silk does come from God, since he sends us silk-worms to make it."

"Thank you, mamma," said Frank: "I am glad you have told me all this; if you had not told me, I should not have known how it was; but I know now, and I see how good God is to us all; and I will not do what is wrong; for you say that does not please him; and I ought to try to please God, who is so kind to me."

"Yes, my dear child, we ought all to try to please him; and the way for boys to do so, is to be as good as they can; and at night, Frank, when you say your prayers, it is to thank God for all that he does for you; and he hears you, and it is the same as if you said, 'God, I thank you for all the good things that you give to me.'"

THE LOST PURSE.

One day, a poor farm boy was in a field with his cows. He was a good boy, and he was so gay, and he sang, and ran in the field, and sat down on the grass to rest. There was no one in the field but this boy; and he had been told to stay there and mind the cows till it was time to drive them home.

“What a hot day it is!” said he; “I will go and lay down by the side of that hedge, it will shade me from the heat of the sun.” And when he had said this, he went to that side of the field where the hedge grew most thick. He was just going to lay down, but he saw a wasp on a wild rose-tree in the hedge. “If I lay down here,” said he to himself, “and go to sleep, that wasp will

sting me ; I will try to knock it down with my stick."

So he struck the rose-tree with his stick as hard as he could ; and there flew out of it a green silk purse full of gold, which fell at his feet. Then he thought no more of the wasp, but took up the purse to see what was in it ; and when he saw that it was full of gold, he was glad, and sat down on the ground to count it.

I do not know how much there was, but it was a great deal, and he said, " How glad I am that I have found this purse ! I am rich now, and need not work, and can buy new clothes. Oh ! what a fine thing it is to find a purse full of gold."

But soon his face grew sad, and he thought of it for some time, then said, " But what a bad boy I should be to keep this purse ; it is true I found it, but it is not mine, and if I keep it I shall be a thief. I ought to try to find out who has lost it, that I may give it back to him. I must not steal gold to buy new clothes. It is no sin to wear an old coat, but it

is a great sin to steal. God says, 'Thou shalt not steal,'" and then the boy put all the gold in the purse, and shut it up, to take care of it.

Now there was a rich squire who lived in a large house a short way from the field where the boy found the purse; and the boy thought it would be the best way to take the purse to this rich man, and ask him if he knew who had lost it.

So as soon as all the cows were gone home and safe in their stalls, he went to the squire's house, and rang the door bell. A man came to the door, and when he saw that it was a poor boy who had rung the bell, he said in a cross tone, "Why do you come to this door? you ought to have gone to the back gate. What do you want?"

"Is the squire at home?" asked the boy.

"Yes, he is at home," said the man, "but what do you want with him?"

"I should like to see him," said the boy.

Then the man was still more cross, and said, "You must tell me what you want. I will not let

a boy like you go up those nice stairs ; your shoes are not clean." Then the poor boy did not know what to do, for he did not like to tell this man he had found a purse, for fear he should take it from him ; so he said, quite loud, " I must see the squire ; so if you will not let me come in, I must wait here till he goes out, and then I can speak to him." He spoke so loud that the squire heard him, and came to the top of the stairs, and said : " John, who is that ?" And the man said, " It is a rude boy, sir, who says he will see you, and he will not tell me what he wants."

" Let him come up, then," said the squire ; " if he wants to speak to me, why do you not let him ?" The poor boy was glad when he heard this ; he ran up stairs, and when he came to the room where the squire was, he took off his hat and made a bow.

The squire was a kind old man, so he said, " Come in, my man ; what have you to say to me ?" Then the boy told him he had found a purse of gold in the



THE TWO RUDE GIRLS QUARRELLING.

field, and had brought it to him, that he might try to find out who had lost it.

" You are a good lad," said the squire ; " it is mine ; I lost it to-day, as I rode to the farm ; it is a green purse with steel slides, and I will tell you how much gold is in it, that you may be sure I speak the truth." And then he told the boy how much was in the purse he had lost, and it was just the same sum that was in the one that was found ; so the boy knew it must be the same purse the squire had lost, and he gave it back to him.

Then the squire said : " My good boy, you have done quite right not to keep what was not your own, and I dare say you will grow up a good man. As you did not keep this gold, which was not yours, I will give you two cows, and you may feed them in my fields. You can sell the milk, and if you take care, you may some day be as rich as I am."

You may think how glad the boy was to have cows of his own ; he took care of them, and they gave a great deal of milk, which he sold, and the

cows had calves which he sold too, and then he had gold of his own ; and he bought a house and a field, and kept more cows, till at last he had so much milk and cream, and butter and cheese to sell, that he grew quite a rich man.

ROSE, AND HER BIRD.

Rose was just eight years old—she was a nice girl, so kind and good, that all her young friends were fond of her. All who spoke of Rose, said: “That child has a good heart, she would not hurt a fly, if she could help it.” And they were right; for if she found a fly in her milk, she would take it out and place it on her hand, and warm it in the sun, and watch it with care till its wings and legs got dry, and then she was glad to see it fly. If she saw a worm in the foot path, she took care not to tread on it, but went on one side, that she might not hurt it.

Rose had a bird that she kept in a cage, and a sweet bird he was, and so fond of her that he would chirp and sing as soon as he saw her come into the room; and Rose was fond of him too, and fed him

morn and night, and took great care of him, and she would let him hop out of the cage on her hand, and talk to him.

“Oh, my dear Dick!” she would say: “I love you so much, I wish you could speak, that you might tell me if you love me as well as I love you; sing to me, my own sweet bird, sing me a nice song, for I like to hear you.” And then Dick would sing as if he knew what she said to him.

One day, Rose went up to feed her bird, and while she put in the seed, Dick went in and out of his cage two or three times. “Go in, Dick,” said Rose; “for I must go down stairs, I have not done my work, nor my sum; so go in, sir, for I must not stay with you now.” Dick did as he was bid, and just as he went in, the maid came up stairs, and said:

“Miss Rose, your aunt is here, and wants to see you; but you must make haste, for she will not wait.”

Rose ran down stairs, as fast as she could, and did not think to shut the door of the cage; so as soon as

she was gone, Dick flew out, and thought he would hop on the floor a bit: poor Dick! he did not know that the door of the room was not shut fast, and that there was a sly cat on the watch for him. Poor Dick! the cat heard him sing, and saw him hop on the floor, so in she came, and sprang on the poor bird, and ran down stairs with him in her mouth. Rose saw her come down, and gave a loud scream, and tried to stop her, but it was too late, for the poor bird was dead, and the cat ate him up.

It was not bad of the cat, for cats think it is no more harm to kill birds than mice, and they like them to eat; but those who keep birds should take great care to put them out of the cat's way.

If Rose had thought to shut the door of the cage, the cat would not have caught her bird; so you see how wrong it is not to think,

THE GREAT DUNCE.

It is a sad thing when boys and girls will not learn to read, for all the things that they would like to know may be found in books, if they can read them ; some books speak of the sea, and the ships that sail on it ; some tell you of the sun, and moon, and stars ; and some are full of nice tales of boys and girls ; which should you like to read best ? I think you would like tales of boys and girls ; and so I will tell you one of two girls that I once knew ; their names were Jane and Kate.

Jane was fond of play, but would not learn to read ; she said she did not care for all the books in the world, and that no one should make her spell, if she did not like it. Do you not think this was wrong ? I do ; and so did all her friends ; but she did not mind what they said, and when she was

eight years old she was a great dunce. I wish you had seen how tall she was, it would have made you laugh to see such a tall girl, who could not spell her own name. Kate was not so old as Jane, she was about six, but she could read and write too, and would have been a nice girl, if she had not been too proud of what she could do, and too apt to laugh at those who did not know as well as she did.

One day, Kate's papa had a friend to dine with him, and this friend heard Kate read, and she read so well that the next time he came he brought her a large book full of prints. You may think how glad Kate was to have such a nice book of her own, and she said, "Oh, how glad I am that I can read!" One day, she went to drink tea with Jane, and she took her book of prints with her: for she was quite proud of it, and glad to show it to all her young friends, and tell them how she got it. Now this was what Jane did not much like to hear, for though she would not take the pains to learn to read, she knew that all the world must think her a great dunce.

“Is it not a fine book?” said Kate; “should you not like to have one like it?”

“No,” said Jane, “I do not want one like it?” and she was quite cross, and what she said was not true; but she did not wish Kate to see that she was cross, and so she took the book in her hands to look at the prints. The first one was a large church with a wide path up to the porch, and a row of tall trees on each side:—“What church is this?” said Jane.

“Look at this side of the book,” said Kate, “here, in this page it tells you what church it is; why do you not read it?”

“I do not know how to read,” said Jane.

“Not know how to read!” said Kate; “Oh! what a great dunce!”—and she was so rude as to laugh out loud.

“How dare you laugh at me, miss?” said Jane, and her face grew quite red with spite—“if you do not leave off, I will give you a good box on the ears.”





THE GRIEF OF THE SELF WILL'D BOY AT HAVING RUINED HIS HOME

"I shall laugh if I choose it," said Kate—"eight years old, and not know how to read!" and then came a loud laugh, and Jane ran to her, and gave her a box on the ears.

They were two sad rude girls, were they not? I do not know which was the worst.

There was now such a noise, that mamma ran up stairs in a fright to see what it was, and when she came into the room, she could not think what could make Jane cry, and Kate laugh at the same time, so she said :

"Why do you cry, Jane?"

"Kate is so rude, and laughs at me," said Jane.

"Is it true, Kate?" said mamma, "were you rude to Jane? why did you laugh at her?"

"Why, ma'am," said Kate, "I could not help it, for she says she does not know how to read, and she is eight years old; and I am but six, and I can read and write, and work, and do sums too." "My dear," said mamma, "I am glad to hear it, it is a good thing to know all these things; I wish Jane knew as much

as you do ; but as that is not the case, it would have been more kind of you, if you had told her what a good thing it is to learn, and had tried to make her wish to do so : it was not kind to laugh at her, it was not like a friend, and yet you say that you love Jane, and like to come and play with her ; but I do not think you can love her, or be her friend, or you would not try to vex her."

" But I do love her, ma'am," said Kate, with tears in her eyes—" and I will be her friend, if she will make it up."

" Then I am sure she will make up," said mamma ; " she ought to be glad to do so, for she was rude too, and I hope she will try to learn to read, and then no one will laugh at her."

Jane and Kate then made it up, and Jane said that she would learn to read ; and she kept her word, for in a short time she could read as well as Kate.

SELF-WILL.

There was an old man once who dwelt in a cot by the side of the wood, and all round his cot, and for miles round, the trees grew thick and high ; and it was his trade to cut wood and take it to the town to sell, and that was the way he got his bread. The old man had a son whose trade it was to cut wood too, but he did not like that sort of work ; he said he should like to see the world, and not live all his life by the side of that dull wood, where he saw no one all day long, and heard no sound but the songs of the birds as they sang on the trees. He said he should like to go to sea, and then the old man said, " Why do you want to go to sea ? poor boy, you do not know what it is you wish ; here you have good food to eat, a house to keep you from the wind

and rain, a good bed to sleep in, and warm clothes to wear ; what more do you want ? If you go to sea, you must work hard, and will get but coarse fare ; when the nights are cold, you will not have a nice warm bed to go to : and if a storm should come, you will wish you were safe at home, in the cot by the wood side."

It was thus that the old man would talk, but the boy took no heed of what he said, and at last he went to sea ; but he soon found that the old man was right, and that a ship was not like a house to live in. For days he was sick and ill, for the sea makes folks sick who have not been on it much ; but he was so ill that he felt as if he should die ; the men in the ship did but laugh at him. At last he got well, and then he thought he should like the ship ; but one day it grew dark, the wind was high, and the sea so rough, that the ship went up and down, and no one could stand on the deck ; and when the boy saw the ship toss on the waves, and heard them say there would be a great storm, he

shook with fear from head to foot, and his heart grew sick ; and he thought of the words that the good old man had said to him. " He was quite right," thought the boy :—" Oh, how I wish I was safe at home in my own cot, by the wood side."

But it was no use to wish now ; the storm came, and they thought the ship would sink, and then they all fell down on their knees to pray to God to save them ; and he did save them, but the boy said in his own mind, that if once he got back to his own land, he would go to sea no more.

Well, three or four years were gone, and the boy was now grown a young man, and he had seen a great deal of the world, but he did not like one place that he saw, so well as his own cot that he had left ; and right glad was he when the ship at last came back. As soon as he put his foot on shore, he gave a loud shout of joy, and he set off to his home on the wood side. But when he got there, he found that the cot was gone, for the poor old man was dead, and so when there was no one in it to

keep it strong and dry, the wind had blown it all down. The young man stood for some time to look at the place where the cot had stood, and the tears ran fast down his face, as he thought that if he had not gone to sea, the old man and the cot might both have been there still.

And as he stood there, a girl came by with a milk pail on her head; and he said to her—"Do you know how long that cot has been blown down, and where the old man is that dwelt in it?"

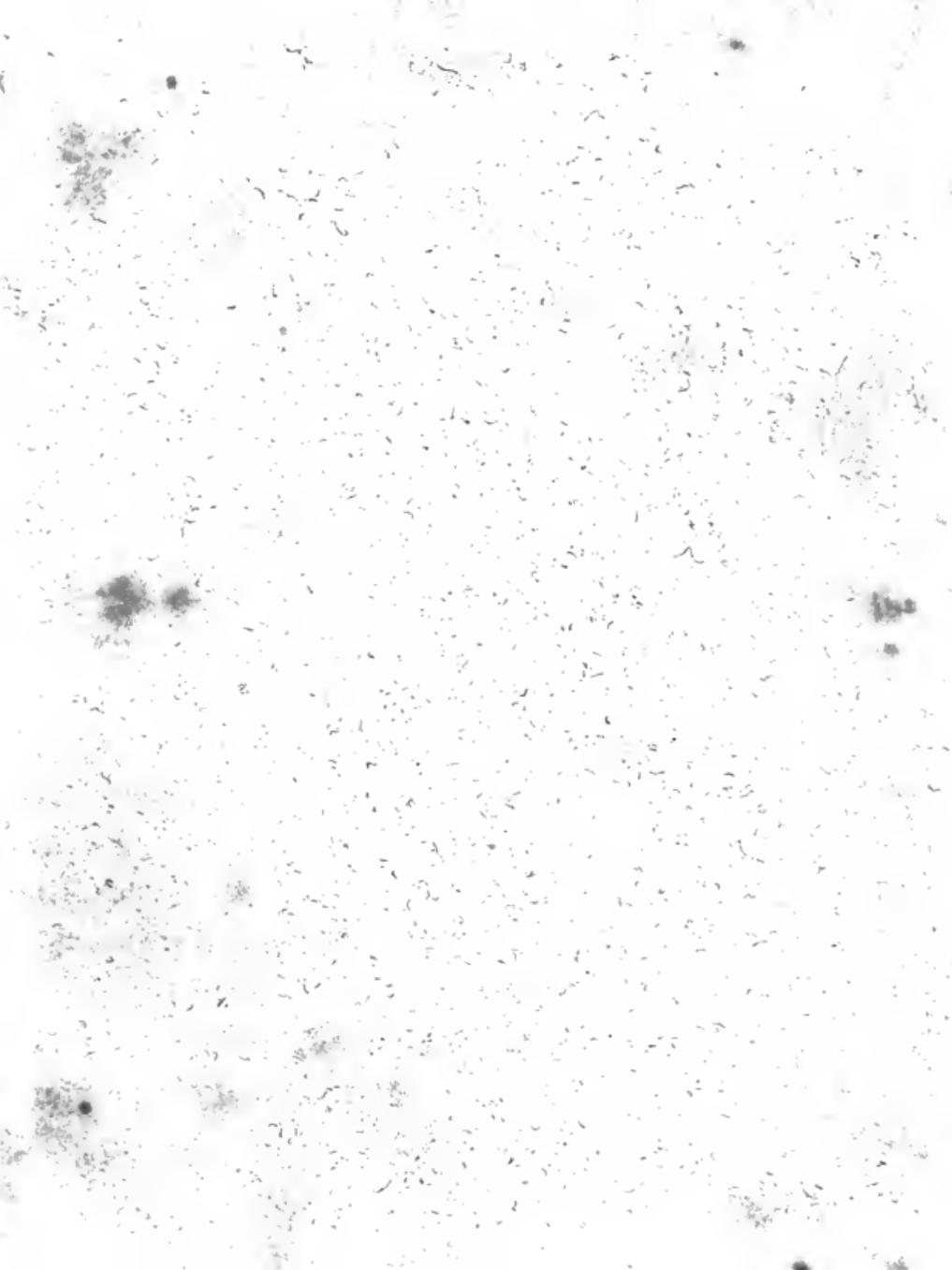
And the little girl said: "Oh, yes; the old man is dead; he had a bad son who would leave him and go to sea, and that broke his heart; he died of grief, and the cot soon fell down. It was a sad thing that the poor old man had such a bad son; I have seen him sit on that stone and cry, as if his heart would break, and I thought that he would soon die, for he grew thin and pale; and when he was so ill and weak, that he could not go out to work, there was no one with him to nurse him, and so he died."

When the young man heard all this, he sat down on the stone and wept: and he said in his heart—"I have been the cause of his death: if I had been wise, and staid at home, he might have been here now, and I should have had my own cot to live in, by the side of the wood."

THE CARELESS BOY.

James was one of those boys who take no care of what they have. His books were torn, his toys lost, and none of his things in the place where they ought to be. If his mamma said, "James, where is such or such a thing?" he was sure to say—"I do not know, I must look for it; and then, when he did look for it, it was not to be found; or if he did find it, ten to one that it was on the floor and spoilt.

One day, he went out with his mamma, and he saw a nice box of toys in a shop, that he thought he should like to have; so he said, "Mamma, I wish you would buy me that box of toys." "I should like to buy it for you, my dear," said his mamma, "if I thought you would take care of it, but I fear you would soon spoil it, like all the rest of your things."





THE OBSTINATE BOY THROWN OUT OF THE CHAISE.

"Oh no, mamma, I would not," said James; "do pray buy it for me, and you shall see how nice I will keep it."

His mamma thought a bit, and then said: "Well, James, I will try you once more, and if I find you do not keep your word, I shall buy you no more toys at all; so you know what you have to trust to, for I mean what I say."

James said he was sure he would take care of it; so they went into the shop, and the box was bought. I do not know how much it cost, but I dare say it was a great deal, for it was a large box full of nice smooth red bricks to build a house with, and there were two doors, and slate tiles for the roof, and all the things that one wants to make a fine large house.

Well, James was quite glad he had got it,—"Let us make haste home, mamma," said he; "for I want to build up my house."

As soon as they got home he set to work, and a grand house was built; James said it was fit for a king to live in; but grand as it was, it must have

been but a small king that could live in it ; don't you think so ?

That night when it was time to go to bed, James put all his bricks in the box, and shut it up with great care ; but the next night he did not count his bricks, and the next time he went to build his house, there were three of them lost. He went down stairs to ask the maids if they saw them on the floor when they swept the room, but they said they did not see them, and that if they were left on the floor they might be swept out with the dust, and thrown in the dust-hole, or in the fire ; they could not tell : they said, he ought to take care of them.

One would have thought that this loss would have made James count his bricks of a night when he put them in the box, but no such thing, he put them in eight or ten times, and did not count them, and each time some were left on the floor, so that in a few days, not more than half of them were left. One of the doors was lost too, and all the slate-tiles but two, so that he could not make a roof to his house at all,

and as he could build but a small house now for want of the bricks that were lost, the door would not fit, it was too large, so the toy was quite spoilt.

His mamma did not say a word to all this, till one day when a man came to the door with a board on his head that had two fine large ships on it, and she bought one of them. This ship had sails, and a mast with a red and white flag at the top of it. James thought it was for him, so he said : "Oh mamma, I am so glad you have bought me that nice ship ; how I shall like to swim it in the pond at the back of our house ; what good fun it will be !"

"I dare say you would like to swim it my dear, and I have no doubt it would be good fun ; but I have not bought it for you."

"Oh dear, why not ? who is it for then ?"

"I have bought it for Fred. Lyne, he takes more care of his toys than you do. The last time I was at his house, I saw the map that I gave him in a box last year, and it was as good as new ; there was not one piece of it lost, so I shall give him this ship."

"If you will give it to me, mamma, I will take great care of it," said James.

"So you said of the box of bricks, my dear, and you did not keep your word. I told you then it was the last time I should try you; and though you break your word, I do not mean to break mine. When you learn to take care of things, you shall have new toys, but not till then."

THE TWO GOOD BOYS.

One day, Charles and Fred. were at play with a ball, in a room where their mamma had been at work, but she was gone out of the room, so there was no one there but them. They threw the ball from side to side ; first Charles caught it, then Fred., and now and then it fell on the ground.

At last, there was a miss, and it went to one side, and they both ran to catch it ; which of them caught it, I do not know ; but it was thrown up too high, and fell on a glass ink-stand, which it broke, and all the ink was spilt on the new hearth-rug which had been put down but that day.

Here was a fine piece of work. they both stood to look on what they had done, till the tears came in their eyes.

“ What shall we do ?” said Charles.

"Let us go and tell mamma," said Fred., "she says we ought to tell her when we have done wrong."

"So she does," said Charles ; "then let us go."

And so they both went to tell their mamma.

"What have you done, my dear boys ?" said their mamma. "Why do you cry ?"

"We have spilt the ink on the new hearth-rug," said Fred., "and we have come to tell you."

"Bless me!" said his mamma : "how came you to do that ?"

"It was not Fred.'s fault, it was mine," said Charles ; "I threw the ball up high, and it fell on the inkstand and broke it, and so the ink went on the hearth-rug."

"No, it was not Charles, it was I who threw up the ball, I know ; for we both had hold of it, but Charles let go, and then I felt it go out of my hand."

"It seems you do not know which of you did it," said their mamma ; "but I am glad to find that you are both so good and kind as to wish to bear the

blame, so I shall not scold you. I have some drops that will take the stains of the ink out of the rug; and we must ask papa to buy a new ink-stand, and then all will be set to rights; I am sure he will buy it when I tell him what good boys you were; so now you may go back to your play, but take more care."

THE WAY TO SAVE.

There was a boy whose name was James Hall ; he was nearly eight years old, and a nice bright boy he was too, and as good as he was bright.

He took great care of all that he had ; his books were all nice and clean, and put on a shelf in a neat row ; his tops, and balls, and bats were not thrown here and there, but when he had done with them, he was sure to put them in the right place : so that when it was time to go out to play, he had not to hunt up and down the house for his things, for he knew where to find them at once.

Nor was this all ; he took as much care of his pence as he did of his toys. He had sixpence a week to spend as he chose ; but he did not lay it out in cakes or toys that he did not want, only a penny now and then ; the rest he put into a box till it came





THE WISE & FOOLISH PURCHASES.

to a great sum ; and then spent it in a way that would be of some use.

James had a young friend : and who do you think that friend was ? why, it was John Page, who bought a glass box with his half-dollar and broke it.

One day, James went to see John, and he took with him a new draught-board that he had just bought ; for they both knew how to play at draughts, and it was a game they were fond of ; but while they had no board of their own, they could not play much, for their papa's board was too large for them, and it was but now and then they might use it.

When John saw James's new draught-board, he said, " Oh, what a nice board, James ; where did you get it ? "

" I bought it," said James.

" Bought it ?" said John ; " why, it must have cost a great deal, did it not ? "

" How much do you think it cost ?" asked James.

" I don't know," said John, " but more than half a dollar, I dare say."

"It cost four half-dollars. But then, look here, see what nice red and white men there are to it."

"What then," said John, "do you have four half-dollars at a time?"

"No, I do not have so much as one half-dollar at a time, but I have sixpence a week; and I save most of it in a box till it comes to a great sum. And on my birth-day, papa gave me half a dollar, which I put in the box too; and when I went to look how much I had, a day or two since, it was as much as four half-dollars; and I bought this draught-board with it."

"But how did you think of putting it by for so long; and then buying so nice and good a thing as this?"

"Why, papa told me that if I always made a rule to save my pence, that I should soon get rich, and then I should be able to buy good things, that will last a long time, and be of some use. Now, this draught-board, I might play with as long as I live; at least it will last till I am a man, I dare say, for it

is made of such hard wood that it will not soon wear out."

" Ah ! I wish I had done so," said John ; " I will try to be as wise as you, James, and save what I get till it comes to a good sum ; and then I will not spend it, till I have thought well of what it will be best to buy."

FINIS









NEW JUVENILE BOOKS,

PUBLISHED BY

EDWD. DUNIGAN, 137 FULTON-STREET,
NEW YORK,

IN FANCY COVERS, EACH EMBELLISHED WITH EIGHT ENGRAVINGS.

LITTLE GIRL'S OWN BOOK: The Good-natured Little Girl—The Thoughtless, the Vain, the Orderly, the Slovenly, the Snappish, the Persevering, the Forward, the Modest, and the Awkward Little Girl. By **THOMAS PARLEY**.

LITTLE BOY'S OWN BOOK: The Well-behaved Little Boy—The Attentive, the Inattentive, the Covetous, the Dilatory, the Exact, the Quarrelsome, and the Good Little Boy. By **THOMAS PARLEY**.

SPRING FLOWERS, or, the Poetical Bouquet: Easy, Pleasing and Moral Rhymes and Pieces of Poetry, for Good Children. By **MISS JULIA PARLEY**.

A GIFT TO YOUNG FRIENDS, or, the Guide to Good: containing The Good Man of the Mill—From Whom All Good Things Come—The Lost Purse—The Great Dunce—Self-will—The Careless Boy—Good Boys—and the Way to Save. By **MISS JULIA PARLEY**.

THE WISE BOYS; or Entertaining Histories of Fred. Forethought, the Boy who Looked before he Leaped—Matt. Merrythought, the Boy who was always Happy—Luke Lovebook, the Boy who was fond of Learning—and Ben. Bee, the Boy who was always Industrious. By **THOMAS PARLEY**.

THE HAPPY CHANGES; or, Pride and its Consequences—Passion and its Consequences—Idiennes and its Consequences—and the Pleasant and Prosperous Lives of Charles Candid, the Boy who always spoke Truth; and Peter Polish, the Boy who was always Polite. By **THOMAS PARLEY**.

Also, just published, a new and beautiful colored edition of the following Juvenile Books, equal in every respect to Marks's celebrated London 12mo. Juvenile Books:

The House that Jack Built.

The Adventures of Little Dame Crump and her White Pig.

History of Whittington and his Cat.

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

History of Little Red Riding Hood.

Adventures of Mother Hubbard and her Dog.

Life and Death of Cock Robin.

History of the Children in the Wood.

Dame Trot and her Comical Cat.

Adventures of Goody Two Shoes.

Ladder to Learning, or Picture Alphabet.

History of Johnny Gilpin.